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July 1st, 1866. 141f

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WATCHES AND FINE JEWELRY, Silver and
Plated Wares of every description.
Next door to the Post Office.
N. B.—All kinds of Job Work done to order.
Middlebury, May 16, 1866. 171f

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Particular attention paid to Bankruptcy.
Relief to insolvents and protection
to Creditors.
Middlebury, Vt., Jan. 28th, A. D., 1866. 41f

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For good Air, Water, Mountain Scenery, Trout
Fishing and pleasant Walks and Drives, it is
unparalleled in the State. Charges for day and
weekly board reasonable. A good Bowling
Alley attached.
July 18th, 1866. 161f

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Attorney and Counselor at Law.
At Office of L. D. Eldridge, Esq. formerly oc-
cupied by P. Starr.
Middlebury, Vt., March 26th 18 4.

FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL
TREES.
I select and put up all kinds of Fruit and Orna-
mental Trees, for all my customers, and deliver
them myself.
Make out your Orders and I will call on you.
D. TAYLOR.
New Salisbury, Dec. 13, 1865. 37f

NEW GRAIN AND FEED STORE.
The Subscriber will keep constantly on hand
OATS,
CORN,
FLOUR,
BRAN,
MIXED FEEDS,
OIL MEAL,
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR
INDIAN MEAL,
FLOUR OF BONE,
And various other articles. Will sell at small
margin from cost, for cash.
V. V. CLAY.
Middlebury, April 12th, 1866. 34f

RING BONE AND SPAVIN ON.
Horses radically and permanently Cured,
by Root's Ring Bone Cure, for particulars in-
quire of the Agents.
W. P. & E. P. RUSSELL.
Middlebury, Nov. 9, 1866. 43, 6m

LUMBER!
We shall endeavor to fill all orders for Lum-
ber, and will deliver the same at ruling prices.
JOSEPH BATELL.
Ripton, Vt., February 16th, 1867. 47f

WANTED!
AN IMMEDIATE SETTLEMENT of all my old
accounts.
W. P. RUSSELL.
Jan. 22d, 1867. 43, 1f

FOR SALE.
A valuable Timber Lot, situated in Ripton.
For terms inquire of
C. E. PINNEY,
at Beckwith & Co.'s.

Middlebury Register.

VOL. XXXII.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., TUESDAY, MAY 14, 1867.

NO. 7.

POETRY.

UNFULFILLED.

BY HIRSH RICH.

Our little tale is spread for two,
With quaint old china, gold and blue.

Weird things are wrought on the homely walls,
As the conjuring firelight climbs and falls.

In the corner my ready sea-chest stands,
Filled to the brim by the busiest hands.

Wife mirrors her face in the silver tongs;
I think of the morrow's rude sea-songs.

"I have pictures, love," she says, "that gleam
From a troubled easel—last night's dream.

A ship ashore on a cruel reef,
And a woman wringing her hands in grief.

She kneels in prayer; a whirling wheel
Grows out of the dead ship's plank and keel.

She stands in the spinner's tolling place,
Till the rose in her cheek hath lost its grace.

Yet loosing form is changed to wool,
Yet the hanging spindle ne'er is fall.

A weed grown craft keeps company
With a vaunt boat on a sailless sea.

How apt is woman's thought to build,
Where a varying dream may darken or gild.

Life fleet; my last sea voyage is done;
Or wind, or calm, to me 'tis won.

Tea things are set for a golden few,
Again our china, quaint and blue.

The conjuring house light climbs and crawls
Over dainty lace and china ewers.

Wife mirrors her face in the silver tongs;
I think of yesterday's glad seasons.

"Tell, love, I pray, of the ship on the reef,
And the woman wringing her hands in grief.

Of the spinner whose white arms changed to wool,
And the hanging spindle that ne'er grew fall.

There are tears imprisoned within her eyes,
Which are loosed soon, as her voice replies:

"Woman will dream, and man will build,
And each will have prophecies unfulfilled."

—Gloucester Tel. graph.

Salt Lake City and Mormonism

BY ALBERT D. RICHARDSON.

Salt Lake is the natural metropolis of a great scope of country, embracing all Utah and portions of Nevada, Idaho, Montana and Colorado. Already it contains eighteen thousand people, and bids fair to continue, as at present, the largest city between St. Louis and San Francisco. The overland telegraph connects it with the Atlantic and the Pacific; mail coaches ply daily to the Missouri River on the east, and California on the west, to Montana on the north, to Idaho and the Columbia River on the north-west. The hotel is unusually crowded with guests, and the streets, all watered by little rills on each side, are thronged with the wagons of emigrants and farmers, with women and children, saints and sinners, miners and Indians. Some of the trading houses do an immense business. Last year, a single merchant paid one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for hauling his goods from Missouri River.

There are two daily newspapers, "The Vedette," representing the Gentile population, and "The Telegraph," in the interest of the Mormons. "The Weekly Desert News"—almost as old as the city—is the organ of the Mormon Church. In a territorial population of sixty-five thousand, all are Mormons, except three or four hundred, who reside chiefly in Salt Lake City. These dissenters are known as "Gentiles," and the Mormons style themselves, *par excellence*, the Saints, and classify all outsiders as Sinners.

Camp Douglas is beautifully located, on a high plateau, two miles from the city which its artillery commands. Its establishment as a garrisoned post of the United States army has been a potent restraint upon the despotic power of the Mormon Church, as it affords protection to all men and women who abandon that faith. Many recanting Saints, chiefly wives dissatisfied with polygamy, have here sought the shelter of the national flag, and been sent from the territory, under military escort.

There is now a flourishing Gentile Church and Sabbath-School in the city, liberally supported by Gentiles of every denomination; who, like all minorities, are very compact, and remain united by the common bond of antipathy to Mormon rule. Even Jews, who are quite numerous, contribute to this Church, and in excited moments talk earnestly about "Shlenties;" for it is a strange feature of this strange community that all the Saints are Sinners and all the Jews are Gentiles!

Joseph Smith, founder of the Mormon Church, was a native of Vermont, who claimed that the Book of Mormon, the Bible of the Latter-day Saints, buried in the earth, was pointed out to him by the Angel Moroni; that, upon digging it up, he found it written upon metallic plates in mysterious characters, which a special revelation from God enabled him to translate. Claiming to be the production of several writers, it is about as large as the Old Testament, of which it is a weak, incoherent and rapid imitation. Several hundred of its verses are stolen, with very slight alteration, from the New Testament, which, according to Mormon chronology, was written hundreds of years later than their own inspired volume. Singularly enough, it contains many denunciations of polygamy; but consistency is a jewel rarely found in the casket of the Latter-day Saints. Smith possessed

great force of character and business sagacity was said to have accumulated a fortune of some millions of dollars.

Brigham Young, who succeeded Joseph Smith in the First Presidency of the Church, was also born in Vermont. He is six feet high, portly, weighing about two hundred, in his sixty-fifth year, and wonderfully well preserved. His face resembles that of the late Thomas H. Benton, though with a suggestion of greenness about the puffed cheeks and huge neck, which Old Bullion never gave. His face is fresh and unwrinkled, his step agile and elastic, his curling auburn hair and whiskers untinted with gray. He is, indeed, a new Ponce de Leon, who has found in polygamy the fountain of perpetual youth!

He has greyish-blue, secretive eyes, eagle nose, and mouth that shuts like a vice, indicating tremendous firmness. His manner is cold and egotistical. He uses neither tea nor coffee, spirits, nor tobacco, speaks ungrammatically, is very rich, owning the most desirable property in Utah, and universally popular among the Saints, whom he rules with utmost ease. He has great knowledge of human nature and rare business capacity, is kind hearted, and said to be just in his commercial dealings. All Mormons are required to pay one-tenth of their incomes annually to the church; and, so far as a Gentile can see, Brigham is the church and the church is Brigham.

His enclosure of several acres is in the very heart of the city, surrounded by a high stone wall. It contains his two chief residences, the Lion House and the Bee Hive House, where most of his wives reside; though a few of the more favored ones occupy separate dwellings outside. It also contains his school house, where I saw about thirty of his offspring engaged in their studies. They are peculiarly bright and promising children; though in the ward schools of the city, which I also visited, the average intelligence is low. Their tuition costs from four to ten dollars a quarter. *There are no free schools in Utah.*

Though Brigham has buried eight sons and two daughters, he has fifty surviving children and several grand children. His wives number about thirty; he increases the list by one or two additions yearly. The first and eldest is maternally well looking; all the later ones I saw are exceedingly plain and unattractive, though some of their daughters are pretty, winning and graceful. Among the present generation of Mormons, the men are far more intelligent and cultivated than the women.

The Gentiles relate many stories to the expense of the leading patriarch of the Church. He is the grand Supreme Court of all his people; to him they carry their troubles for relief, and their difficulties for adjustment. There is a legend that one day a woman went to Brigham for counsel touching some alleged oppression by an officer of the Church. Brigham, like a true politician, assumed to know her; but when it became necessary to record her case, hesitated and said:

"Let me see, sister—I forget your name."

"My name?" was the inignant reply:

"Why, I am your wife!"

"When did I marry you?"

The woman informed the "President," who referred to an account-book in his desk, and then said:

"Well, I believe you are right. I know your face was familiar!"

Brigham's ample and well-shaded grounds contain an abundance of fruits and flowers, and many indications of that industry universal among the Mormons. Twenty miles from the city is the Great Salt Lake, forty miles by one hundred and twenty, containing several islands, all of rugged mountains, and its surface forty-two hundred feet above the level of the sea. Though four fresh-water rivers flow in, it has no visible outlet, and is but a salt lake. At low water, three gallons of its fluid produce one of clear, fine salt. No fishes are found in the lake. If one be careful to keep the water out of his eyes, nose and mouth, it is delightful to swim in, though so buoyant as to make it difficult to walk in the shallows. It is claimed that one cannot sink; but its pregnant waters must render a regulation very easy. Lake Utah, thirty miles distant, is a clear, shining, mountain environment of fresh water, twenty miles by thirty. The river Jordan has its origin here, and flows across the beautiful valley like a stream of silver, into Salt Lake.

Tepid springs abound in the territory. A mile west of the city a stream, redolent of sulphur and large as one's thigh, gushes from a hill-side. The water is so hot (one hundred and two degrees) that one shrinks from its first touch, but soon finds it delightful. After ten minutes of plunging and swimming, he comes out cleansed from head to foot; every muscle relaxed, every nerve pervaded by delicious languor. It is claimed that the steam possesses rare curative virtues for rheumatism. Two miles farther is the Hot Spring, spouting in a column larger than the body of a man, and hot enough to boil an egg. Among the ancients its sulphurous, smell and great clouds of mist and steam, would have declared it a mouth of Tartarus. Besides it is a lovely little lake, fringed by green poplars, with a background of purple mountains, bearing soft, white coronets of clouds.

From these springs we rode back to the city in a glorious atmosphere, under skies of wonderful blue. Behind us were the Great Salt Lake, and the greater mountains. On our right was the shining Jordan, to the Mormons better than Abana and Paraphar, or all the other waters of Damascus. Beyond it was a strip of valley, then smooth mountain slopes, blend-

ing and intermingling, sea-green at the base, and dark slate toward its summits. Before us was the city, with its flashing streams, its low, drab, adobe houses, with trellised verandas; its green gardens and deep shade-trees of locust, aspen, poplar, maple, walnut, elder and cottonwood; its bustling marts of trade, and cloistered retreats for the offices of a strange religion.

Beyond it, for many miles, stretched the green, flowery valley, with its blue lakes shimmering in the sun, and bounded at last by an abrupt wall of mountain. And on our left still towered the range, rough, gashed and jagged with crevices that would conceal New York and its environs—its solid base green, and gray—its rugged summits white with eternal snow. Side by side grouped and blended, were Summer and Winter, Italy and Switzerland; the dreamy Orient and the restless heart of the West.

The Mormons have begun the erection of an enormous temple of granite, which will be one of the finest church edifices in the United States. The reader will observe its standing columns, in the large vacant church lot, near the foreground of the view. As yet it has not made much progress and the Saints worship in a frame building during the winter months, and in summer at the Bowery—a great arbor with seats of rough pine boards, and a low, flat roof of withered branches supported by upright poles. For the warm season, it is far pleasanter than any building—a good artificial substitute for the groves which were God's first temples.

I frequently attended worship at the Bowery. The congregation usually numbered fully three thousand, in which women largely predominated. They were neatly but very plainly dressed; kid gloves were few, silk and satin far between. Hoops abounded in all their amplitude. At first, the preachers denounced them bitterly from the pulpit; but, as usual, female persistency triumphed, and erelong proved more potent than the thunderbolts of the Church.

Brigham is the favorite speaker; though he does not preach more than once a month. His sermons, which I heard were very incoherent and illiterate. Heber C. Kimball, second only to Brigham in authority, and the father of fifty children, is very voluble in the pulpit, and always profane and frequently obscene in his language. Indeed, many of the Mormon sermons from Brigham, Heber and others of that ilk, are utterly indecent, though some speakers are entirely decent. From the Sunday desk preachers frequently speak of the crops, the best modes of irrigation, etc., exhort the brethren to be honest and devout, and advise them whether to sell their wheat for cash or hold it for an advance.

The ordinary sermons are homilies on industry and frugality—praises of polygamy, recital of God's peculiar protection to the Mormon church, and bitter denunciation of the Government and people of the United States. Every Sunday sacrament is administered to the whole assembly, bread being distributed upon metallic plates, and water, instead of wine, from porcelain pitchers. Infants at the breast are all permitted to quaff the water freely. The poor babies are thirsty enough, but it detracts a little from the solemnity of the ceremony. My chief interest was in the face of the congregation. Few of the women were comely; but very few of the countenances impressed me as vicious. All were plain, many extremely so. As one might expect in humble people, gathered from every nation, they bear the indelible impress of poverty, hard labor and sainted living. In these faces is little brilliant thought, or self-reliant reasoning, but much narrowness, grave sinosity and unflinching earnestness. With the exception of the inevitable labored defense of polygamy, many of the sermons were such as one hears in an average New England orthodox church. Indeed, plurality of wives is the only distinctive and individual feature of their faith and practice. Mormonism is polygamy and polygamy is Mormonism.

The Saints' theatre is the grand material wonder of Salt Lake City. It was built by Brigham, and will cost, when completed, a quarter of a million dollars. Its walls are of brick and rough stone, to be covered with stucco. It will seat eight hundred persons, and is the largest building of the kind west of New York, except the Cincinnati and Chicago opera houses. The proscenium is sixty feet deep. In the middle of the parquette is an armed rocking chair, which Brigham sometimes occupies, though his usual place is one of the two private boxes. It is open three nights in the week, when the parquette is filled almost entirely by the leading polygamists. One often sees a dozen of Brigham's wives side by side, and long seats quite filled with his children. The scenery, all painted in Salt Lake, and the costumes, all made there, are exquisite. The wardrobe is very large and rich, varied enough for the standard and minor dramas, from the robes of Hamlet to the drapery of the ballet girl. With two exceptions, the company are amateurs—Mormons, who perform gratuitously, and with whom it is a labor of love and piety. It is a novel way of increasing one's chance of heaven; but Brigham is the church, and they do unquestioningly whatever the church requires. On the whole the theatre is the rarest feature of the rare city, in view of its location, twelve hundred miles from the seaboard and the railroad. During the day the performers are engaged in their regular pursuits, as clerks, mechanics, etc.; and they rehearse only in the evening. Last season the receipts averaged eight hundred dollars per night, and once, thirteen hundred dollars were taken at the box office.

Mrs. Julia Deane Hayne, who was playing a most successful star engagement, had trained the amateurs until they played exceedingly well, producing entertainments in all respects better than one finds anywhere else in the Union, save at three or four leading metropolitan theatres. It was a novel place for the best actress in the United States. At first she found the audiences curiously excitable, and inexperienced, composed very generally of persons who had never seen a theatre before. When she played the last act in Camille, one old lady left her seat, passed through the private entrance and rushed upon the stage with a glass of water for the dying girl. Another declared, in a voice audible throughout the house: "It is a shame for President Young to let the poor lady play when she has such a terrible cough!" Brigham shows unequalled sagacity in strengthening the church and putting money in his purse, by the same operation. He says: "The people must have amusement; human nature demands it. If healthily and harmlessly diversions are not attainable, and less diversions are not attainable, and they seek those which are vicious and degrading." Therefore he built this Theatre temple, which spiritually refreshes the Saints of Utah, and increases his personal income fifty thousand dollars annually.

The entire valley is wall d in by green mountains, from four to ten thousand feet in height, and every hue from the deep bluish green of the pine on the foothills to the dazzling white of the snow upon the summits. Many of the mountains, intersected by narrow canyons, are torn and furrowed to their very hearts, and sometimes cleft asunder from head to foot. Utah, the name of an Indian tribe, signifies "those who dwell in the mountains," and the Mormons, almost a mile above the level of the sea, in view of some of the finest scenery in the world, are, indeed, dwellers among the mountains.

The great basin extending from the Rocky Mountains to the Sierra Nevada, seems to have been a vast inland sea. The immediate valley in which Salt Lake City lies is much its best portion. Little or nothing is produced without irrigation; but, by the application of water, the soil is very productive. Sixty bushels of corn to the acre is common yield, and the small grains do much better. Settlements of the Saint extend hundreds of miles in all directions. Almost every valley in Utah is dotted with little dwellings of adobe, or sun dried bricks, herds of cattle, flocks of sheep, great stacks of hay and barley and thriving young orchards.

Probably eight-ninths of the Mormons are of foreign birth. Many are English, while Norway and Sweden are largely represented. In spite of their heavy, enforced contributions to the church, the conditions of most has been greatly improved; for the leaders are men of rare sagacity, who steadily inculcate industry, frugality, temperance and peaceableness.

Not more than one man in four or five is a polygamist or pluralist, as the Saints more delicately term it. Brigham claims to have adopted the system by special injunction from the Almighty, and exerts to persevere in it and defend it with their lives, and even against the authority of the Government of the United States. The women generally acquiesce in it; but regard it as a sore trial, to be compensated only by the happiness of eternity. Two or three sisters have often the same husband; some men are married to a mother and her daughter, and some to their half-sisters. When possible, each wife occupies a separate house or room; but poverty sometimes compels three or four to live in the same apartments.

A VALUABLE LETTER OF DISCHARGE.—An exchange tells the following story about the manuscript of Horace Greeley, which is said to be a horridly bad:

A copy I had made so many errors in setting "the philosopher's" copy that it irritated him to such a degree that he wrote the type a letter discharging him from further duty. The compositor being utterly unable to decipher the contents of the note, on receiving it took it to the foreman, who explained to him that it expressed that he was "not a careful man," and Mr. Greeley dispensed with his services. The man laid down his stick, put on his coat, and left. The next day he applied for a situation as assistant foreman in a large job printing office in the same street. The proprietors inquired if he could bring a recommendation from his last employer.

"All I have is this letter from Mr. Greeley," said the young man boldly.

The worthy job printer scanned it some minutes with a perplexed air. "H-m-m—careful man—service—signed H. Greeley—yes, that will do; we will engage you." And he did not never learn till two years afterward that the letter from Mr. Greeley was one of discredit instead of commendation, as he had supposed.

A SAFE NOTE.—The Boston correspondent of the Portland Star relates the following anecdote:

The late Mr. N— of your place, was somewhat noted for his dry sayings, to fully enjoy which one should be fully conversant with the manner that accompanied their utterance. A number of years ago he was President of the old Cumberland Bank, of which Mr. Swift was the Cashier. A note had been left at the bank for discount, which was signed by Mr. N—, of the Universalist Church, and endorsed by Mr. —, of the 2nd Parish Church. The note was handed to Mr. N—, who, after scanning the names awhile, passed it to the Cashier, remarking in his peculiar tones: "Signed by Universal Salvation and endorsed by Universal Damnation—I guess that is safe enough, we will take it!"

THE YOUNG WIDOW ON A SLEIGH RIDE.—Some writer has said that a young and beautiful widow is the most loving and lovable creature in existence. There is much truth in the remark, as Samuel Weller intimates, they are at the same time the most dangerous to the liberties of a bachelor, when they once take a notion that way. Is it not a singular fact that most of the greatest men the world has produced have been brought to the feet of widows?

It was winter, clear, cold, and the snow was packed. Dr. Meadows was one of the sleighing party, which he described, so far as he and the widow Lambkin were concerned, in the following words:

The lively widow Lambkin sat in the sleigh, under the same buffalo robe with me.

"Oh! don't!" she exclaimed, as we came to the first bridge, at the same time catching hold of my arm and turning her wicked face toward me, while her eyes twinkled through the moonlight.

"Don't what?" I asked. "I am not doing anything."

"Well, but I thought you were going to take toll," replied Mrs. Lambkin.

"Toll," I rejoined, "what's that?"

"Well! I declare!" cried the widow, her clear voice ringing out above the music of the bells, "you pretend you don't know what toll is!"

"Indeed, I don't, then," I said, laughing; "pray explain, if you please."

"You never heard, then," said the widow most provokingly, "you never heard that when we are on a sleigh ride, the gentlemen always, that is sometimes, when they cross a bridge, claim a kiss, and I call it toll. But I never pay it."

I said that I never heard of it before, but when came to the next bridge, I claimed the toll, and the widow's struggles to hold the veil over her face was not enough to tear it. At last the veil was removed, her round rosy face was turned dirty toward a mine, and in clear light of the frosty moon, the toll was taken, for the first time in his life, by Dr. Meadows.

Soon we came to a long bridge with several arches. The widow said it was no use to resist a man that would have his own way, so she paid the toll without a murmur.

"But you won't take toll for every arch will you, doctor?" The widow said it so surely that I did not fail to exact all my dues, and that was the beginning. But never mind the rest. The Lambkin had meadows all to herself in the spring.

THE MARTYR OF HAIR.—The daughter of a barrister of the progressive school, thus relates her woes:

"Ah, sir, you know not what it is to be the daughter of a member of the hair dressers' academy."

"Is not your father kind to you, then?" I asked.

"As a man," replied the maiden, "he is kind, loving, and indulgent; as a member of the hair dressers' academy, he is cruel and relentless, and inexorable."

"Explain yourself, maiden; you speak in riddles."

"Know, then, sir," the maiden began, drawing a deep sigh, "that I am cursed with a luxuriant head of hair, whose color is that of the setting sun."

"Some," I muttered, "would call it blessed to be thus endowed. It is the fashionable color."

"Worse luck," said the maiden, in tones of despair. "That accursed tint is the cause of my persecution. My paternal kind, but professionally cruel, father, has woken me in the dead of night and seized me by this golden hair."

"To beat you, maiden?"

"Nay, sir; to dress my head in something, a new form of coiffure which arrived from Paris while I slept. When I have been coming to the most deeply interesting part of a novel, he has rushed into the room and insisted on my trying on a chignon. He takes me from my tea to practice the double roll upon me. When I am ready dressed to go to the play, he pulls my hair down to try a new form of bun. At all hours of the day and night I am liable to be cursed, and fagged, and plaited and powdered. In sickness and health, in joy and in sorrow, I must yield my head to his ruthless but skillful hands. I know no rest. For months past I have slept with my eyes open."

"With your eyes open, maiden?"

"With my eyes open. It was the consequence of having my hair done. I happened to be pulled back so tightly that I could not shut them. It was not until the negligence fell came up that the muscles relaxed. Ah, sir, you know not what I have suffered—what I have sacrificed!"

"Sacrificed, maiden?"

"Yes, sacrificed. My heart, my love, my life. Listen. A young man, handsome, elegant, accomplished, was in the act of offering me his heart and hand, when my father entered the room, and though the young man was on his knees before me, insisted upon my going down into the shop and having my hair done in blue bugles. When I returned to the apartment the young man had fled."

"But he came again, of course?"

"Alas! he did not—he married another."

"Every great cause, maiden, has its martyrs," I said, by way of consolation.

—All the Year Round.

Why is a sailor never a sailor. Because he is always a-board or a-shore.

What kind of a ship has two mates and no captain? A courtship.

Why is a prolix clergyman like an aged man? Because they both dilate.

What is the difference between a church organist and the influenza? One knows the stops and the other stops the nose.

A Devil-caught Parson.

In one of the small interior towns of New England, where the superstitions of our ancestors still possess a hold on the people, the facts occurred, a few years since, of which the following is a true narration:

An honest farmer and his family, preparing to celebrate Thanksgiving at his wife's father's in an adjacent town, were hurried and confused extremely on the day preceding that festival by the multiplicity of things that must be done before they could leave home with safety. The house was to be "bunked up," and the gleanings of the harvest—cabbages, turnips, and so forth—put into the cellar, that the external entrance thereto might be closed for the season. Having carried to the barn for straw to fill the passage with, while the good old man himself was busy on the opposite side of the house.

An old man, the horned patriarch of a large flock of sheep kept on the farm, having got a taste of the scattered cabbage leaves, unobserved entered the cellar and silently continued his feast. The avenues through which he had entered were immediately closed up, and all the necessary work and arrangements being completed, the larger boys and girls set off on foot in high glee, the dog running and barking before them.

Soon after, the parents and their little ones having put out the fire and fastened the doors and windows to keep out thieves, started for the same destination.

On the afternoon of the day following the festival the family returned home, accompanied by some young cousins. Some of their youthful neighbors of both sexes were invited in, and quite a merry Thanksgiving carousal was in full tide of successful operation when one of the boys who had been sent into the cellar with a little tow-wick candle, which gave enough light to make darkness visible, to draw cider, ran back into the room, with eyes glaring wildly, uttering the half-suffocating exclamation:

"The devil is in the cellar!"

"Pooh!" said the father; "you have only been frightened by your own shadow. Give me the light."